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PUCK
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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Cartoons and Comments

No. 1760.

AFTER CHAUNCEY
COMES ? ? ? ? ! ! It is bad policy to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs, but a goose that can lay golden eggs and deliberately won't

might fittingly meet the fate of the little bird that could sing and declined to. The Democracy of New York is in a position to lay a metaphorical golden egg squarely in the centre of the Senate Chamber at Washington. If it permits itself to lay anything less it will disregard an exceptional opportunity to do the right thing at the right time. Senator Depew, whose term is soon to expire, has been criticised none too gently, but it will be very easy for the

Democrats to substitute for Senator Depew some man even less promising as a progressive public ser There are several such Democrats in New York State politics, we regret to say, and some of them have been "mentioned." The recent election, decisive and onesided though it was, did not amount to a blanket endorsement in advance of anything or anybody for which or for whom the old Machine Democracy might choose to stand, and if they are as long-headed as we trust they are the Democratic powers will consider that fact carefully when it comes to choosing a Senator for the Legislature later to "elect." There are several Democrats in the Empire State any one of whom would be a lasting credit not only to his constituents but to the whole community, irrespective of party, were he sent to the Senate. It is a case of the best being none too good. Whereas a vacant seat, or even CHAUNCEY DEPEW, would be a whole lot better than the worst.

CLOTHES do not make the man; neither does the label, Democrat, make of a man a working force for democratic Democracy. The announcement in a Washington dispatch that a number of Democratic Congressmen "did not cotton much to the program of electing Champ Clark to be Speaker of the House" was not an overwhelming surprise. The surprise would have been due if they had advocated Clark's elevation to the Speakership, for among the adherents of Cannon and Cannonism no members of the House, not even the most stubborn Stand-Patters, were more steadfast in their loyalty to all that should not be than these same

"Democrats." Champed care can get no better recommendation for the post of Speaker than the opposition of such a crew.

Possibly the Hon. Theo-Dore Roosevelt is just as well satisfied that it was upon the Honorable William H. Taft, and not upon himself, that the honor of writing the Thanksgiving proclamation devolved this year.

"I WOULD not promise not to be a candidate again, but I expect not to be."—W.J.B. Said ALEXANDER POPE: "Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed."

FOR what he is about to receive in the not-too-remote future, we trust some power will make the Hon. Joseph Cannon truly thankful.

THERE are some members of the Administration who express the belief that the party can be whipped into good fighting trim by 1912 - Republican Post-Mortem.

If a whipping will accomplish the desired result, a good start was made on the eighth of the month.



IT CAME HARD THIS YEAR.

PRESIDENT TAFT. — Why, oh why, did the Pilgrim Fathers put Thanks-giving so soon after Election!

Notes From ye First Thanksgiving.

PLYMOUTH, AMERICA, Nov. ye 28th, 1620.

As ye Clerke of ye Colonie I must keepe some Notes of ye First Thanksgiving.

Ye Salvages seeme to be the most Thankfule for our coming. As I didd not die of ye Fevere I suppose I shoulde be Thankfule enough, God wot. I also have a wife in Merrie Englande. Ye Thanksgiving Menue was as follows:

Oysters served withe Dirke Knives
Arrows à la Warwhoops
Baye Berrie Soup withe Firebrands
2 oa. Bullets—hot
Punch Shoulder of Musket Iroquois Coctaile
Roaste Vermonte Turkey withe Rattlesmake Dressing
omahawks au Gratise Acqua Vitæ
Snowball Pudding Ice-water Bear Sausage Roaste vermonts
Tomahawks au Gratise Snowball Pudding Prayer

Address by Miles Standish and King Philip. Early in ye Daye some Pequods complained of ye Colde, so

Acorns

we made it hott for them, you bett.

The largest Turkie of ye Day was brought inn by Freegift He saide he Bartered with ye Salvage and got itt, but when asked what ye fowle hadd cost hime said he gave the Redskin a hellovabeatin for it.

Ye Governor missed a cask of Holland ginn this Morning. Some of ye Boys are missing this noon. They will have something

to be Thankful for when they get back.

Christian Matthews was Sore Wounded in ye Forenoon between ye Stockade and ye Forte. He was given plenty of Acqua Vitæ to cheere him upp. Strange how Reckless of their lives everyone was the rest of ye clave.

Percilla Vixen, captured by ye Salvages last week, was brought back to-day, gagged and bound. Ye Salvages threw her over ye Stockade with cries of victory and joy.

Captain Standish sente old mann Fuller out to parley with ye Salvages, he being famous for his after-dinner speeches. In half an

hour ye Indiaus were in full retreat.

Ye dinner passed off very pleasantly. Dominie Mercy Peters asked ye Blessing for fifty-five minutes by ye glass, and only stopped when ye Younger menn began to kick him on ye shins beneath ye Table and a War arrowe had passed throughe his hatt. Between courses ye menn folk wente out and fired a few Volleys into ye Salvages, bagging three Bucks between ye Beare Sausage and ye

Pudding.

One bolde Salvage rapped on ye Meeting-House door and

begged for some hott Punch. Jeremiah gave him some,—a right swing Hott and Heavy to ye Point of ye jaw.

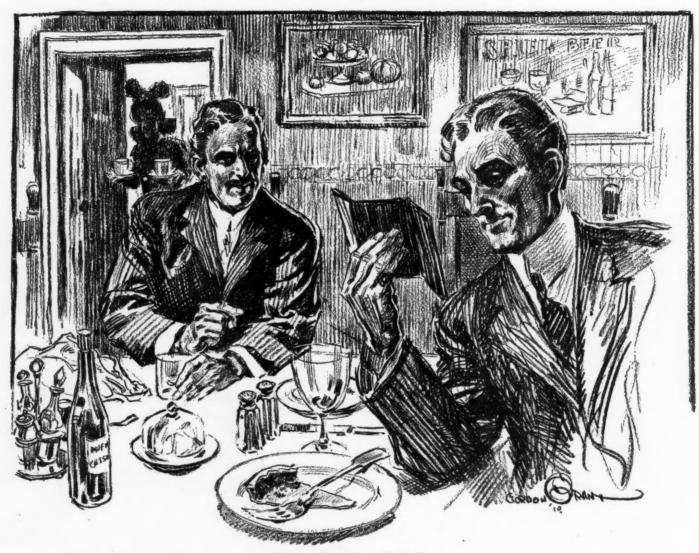
Thanksgiving eve we all made Merrie with ye Psalms and Acqua Vitæ until a late hour. When I think of ye poor Salvages out in ye hills with nothing to drinke I am indeed Thankful.



Dominie Mercy Peters asks ye Blessing for fifty five minutes

Don. Cameron Shafer.





At a Country Hotel.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: A Commercial Traveler, who shall be known as THE DRUMMER, and AN ACTOR.

E DRUMMER.—Please pass the butter.

THE ACTOR.—Certainly.

THE DRUMMER.-Your line?

THE ACTOR .- I'm on the road with "Underneath the Vine.

THE DRUMMER.—Ah yes, I've seen the play, but not this THE DRUMMER.—Here are mine.

THE ACTOR.—I play the lead. Your business—did I hear?

THE DRUMMER.-Oh, I'm in drygoods-traveling man, you know.

THE ACTOR.—And business holds you here? I take it so. THE DRUMMER.-Well, rather. Do you think I'd choose

> In which to spend Thanksgiving? I guess not.

I'm stalled and can't get home, and that is why

I'm sitting here and eating soggy pie And storage turkey iced in '93! Oh, this is sure a thankful day for me!

THE ACTOR.—You have a wife and children? THE DRUMMER.—Wife and three.

I should be with tnem, but I had to make This town last night and found I could n't take A train in time to reach them, so I wired, And now I'm here. But, now that you've inquired, Have you a family?

THE ACTOR.—Well, I should smile.

A wife that has all Broadway beat for style, And two fat boys—one's four, the other two; And here's their picture, though it doesn't do Them any sort of justice.

The eldest-she 's a girl, you see-is nine; The next, a daughter too, is barely seven; The boy is four, with blue eyes, clear as heaven

THE ACTOR.—Well, just to make you feel your lonely plight Is not so bad—I have n't had a sight Of wife or kids since we began our tour A month ago, and I am pretty sure I will not see them, either, till the play Comes back again to lights of old Broadway,

And that may take till spring. And so, you see—

THE DRUMMER.--That you are up against it worse than me! You think, I reckon, your unhappiness Can make my own seem lighter? Well, I guess Your motive's good, it's kind of you to try, But still I'm just as homesick-

THE ACTOR.—So am I!

But have a drink and light a weed, and then We'll sympathize-two sad and lonely men; And thus we'll lighten some the heavy load, Although my heart keeps saying-

Bотн.—Curse the road!

Berton Braley.



WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE BUMPKIN.

THE MAN ON DIET.



RE-DIGESTED wheat. Anti-germal hay-Such must be my meat On this gladsome day; Yet the doctors say That I have to try it, There's no other way I am on a diet.

Though the turkey's sweet And the table 's gay With a feast complete All in bright array, I must say, "Nay, nay." Though I fondly eye it -Tempt me not, I pray, I am on a diet.

Well, I'll take a seat, Though I cannot stay, I can watch you eat; Feast on - while you may; Doubtless you will pay Though you now deny it, Primrose paths you stray-I am on a diet.

ENVOI. Hearken to my lay (Yes, but on the quiet, Heap my plate up); - yea, I am on a diet.

Mark Kronen.

SEE THE THANKSGIVING DINNER!

"SEE the Thanksgiving Dinner!"

"Ave. it is a massive Thank "Aye, it is a massive Thanksgiving Dinner. How it grouns with a plenitude of dyspeptic goodyness! Tell me, do you think a Thanksgiving Dinner is a good thing or a bad thing?"

"A Thanksgiving Dinner is at once a good thing and a bad thing."

"You speak in Delphic oracles, O Sage. But speak on. Why is the Thanksgiving Dinner good?"
"It is immensely valuable as a test. One may well give thanks if one may know that one is beginning the rigorous winter season with a hardy constitution, a constitution that can stand the ravages of canned vegetables, dessicated fruit, smoked meats, and stored eggs."

"I agree with you heartily, but it does not seem to me that

your remarks are entirely pertinent."
"You are mistaken. My remarks are most apt. and germane to the occasion. Listen: "At Thanksgiving time one tries out one's constitution and

particularly one's digestive apparatus, which is the ganglionic center

of one's constitution. If one survives the Thanksgiving Dinner with its pies and spices and pastries and confections and hors d'œuvres and entrées and knickknacks, one may be certain that one's constitution can stand almost anything."

"That sounds reasonable. How then is the Thanksgiving Dinner a bad thing?

"If one's constitution cannot stand the ravages of this annual sacrifice to

ALL IN ONE CLASS. WIFE .- Can you remember the first cigar you ever smoked, John?
HUSBAND.—Yes, love - also my first sea voyage, and our wedding-day! Epicure, then one knows that the Thanksgiving Dinner is unconstitutional, and anything that is unconstitutional is bad and worse than bad even to the point of execration."

Ellis 0. Jones.

FORETHOUGHT.

N aviator should be good-A So when he's flying extra high, And nothing works just as it should, He'll have a mansion in the sky.

PRECAUTION.

The family were fabulously wealthy, yet here was their baby being born with a plated spoon in its mouth. How came that The young parents, observing our perplexity, led us aside. "The silver spoon is kept in the safety-vault and a cheap substitute used in its stead—one is never sure of one's servants these days," they explained in a confidential whisper.



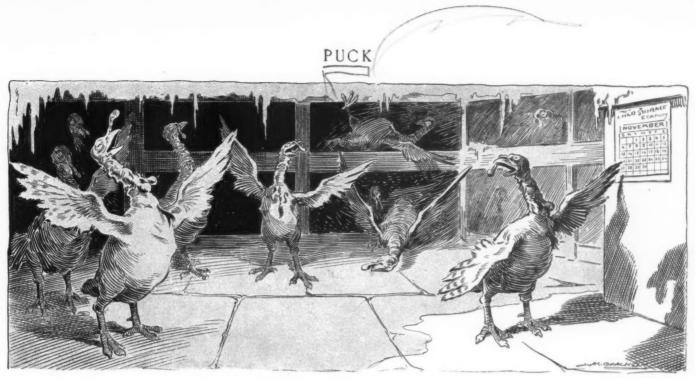
THEY COULD N'T STOMACH IT.

ADMIRING NATIVE .- You've got to hand it to that boy Daniel. Before they chucked him in the den, he made up as a Comic-Supplement Kid, and now, by Darius, the lions are too scared to tackle him!



AN AFTER-DINNER DREAM.

THE DOZER.—It was a cinch to be thankful in those days.



THE DAY BEFORE IN THE COLD-STORAGE PLANT.

THE Boss TURKEY .- Well, come along, boys and girls! It's time we were getting to the butcher-shops!

THANKSGIVING.

HE turkey, plump and crisp and brown, Is on the board, and just about The thing to make our cares go down Or send them quickly up the spout.

The small boy's heart goes pit-a-pat. He utters not a single word, But looks and dreams of this and that Which go to make the luscious bird.

There is the drumstick and the wing
That downward so serenely slip;
And there's the second joint, the thing
That knows not know how to lose its grip.

And there's the gravy, thick and rich, That brings blithe airs from fairy lutes; And there's the pungent stuffing which The inner birdie constitutes.

Oh, when the minstrer's put away And in a spell of drowsihood We're full unto the brim, and gay And red and purple with plum pud,

We start the blazes on the dogs
To give the room a tender glow,
And in the shimmer of the logs
We're very thankful, for we know

We're happy to the blooming core
Till on Olympus high we play—
So three cheers and a cobbler for
The Pilgrims and Thanksgiving Day!

R. K. Munkittrick.

FOOLING THE FUTURE FATHER.

The lovers whispered together before the doors of her father's hangar, planning the last details of their elonement.

"Hurry, dearest," he urged. "We will wheel out your runabout monoplane and together will fly away on the wings of the night, nevermore to be separated!"

"Wait!" she exclaimed. "I have a better plan. We will run

it out and hide it in the old stable; then we will walk to the trolley, and papa will never suspect us."

They were hardly half a mile on their way down the road when, from overhead, came the roar of the triple propellers of the racing monoplane as papa dashed out into the darkness in hot pursuit.

The above romance, which, we are assured, is from real life, leads us to reaffirm our belief that the race is not going to the dogs. Moreover we reiterate our statement that there is no likelihood that human beings will lose the use of their nether limbs because of excessive employment of automobiles and airships.

Henry R. Ilsley.

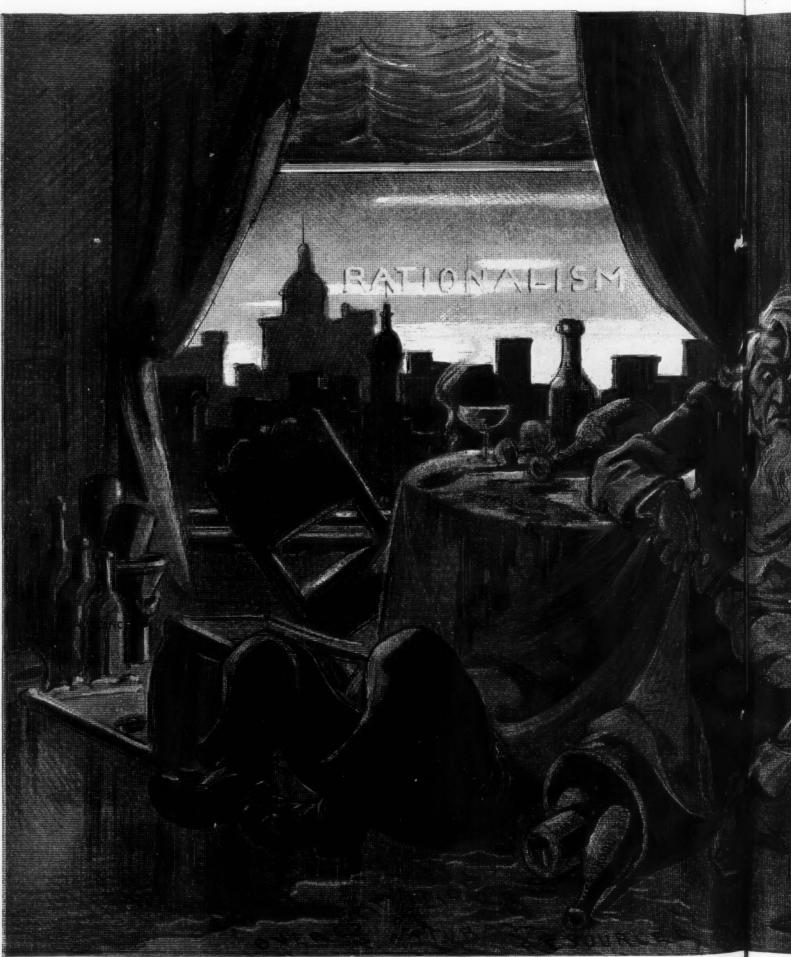
If you must write love-letters, wait until after you are married and write them to your wife. Then you may feel perfectly safe,—unless she decides to sue you for divorce on the grounds of insanity.



THE FANCIEST EVER.

NEW BOARDER.—Have n't you got any fancy dishes here?
RURAL LANDLOND.—Sure thing! Mame, bring the gentleman that
mustache-cup your grandfather used to use!

The greatest blessing in this world is work,—and some of us get paid for it, too.



THE PUCK PRESS

THE COLD RAY THE UNCLE SAM. - "AND THE IS THAN



COLD RAY DAWN.

"And THE IS THANKSGIVING DAY!"



WEEK OF NOVEMBER 28.

Astor, Bway and 45th "The Girl in the Taxi," with Carter De Haven. Evenings 8:20.
A mixture of music and dancing.

Academy of Music, 14th and Irving Pl. Academy of Music Stock Company. Evenings 8:15. In repertoire.

8:15. In repertoire.

American, 8th Av. and 42d. Continuing their new policy of twenty-two feature vaude-ville acts. Evenings at 7:30.

Alhambra, 7th Av. and 126th. All-Star Vaudeville. Evenings 8:15.

Belasco, Bway nr. 44th. "The Concert," with Leo Dietrichstein. Evenings 8:30.

Americanized version of a German farce.

Bijou, Bway and 30th. "The Nest Egg," with Zelda Sears. Evenings 8:30. Something new in comedy.

"Indy Forgot" with Marie Cabill. Evenings 8:15.

Broadway, Bway and 41st. "Judy Forgot," with Marie Cahill. Evenings 8:15, Musical comedy.

Bronx, 150th and Melrose Av. All-Star Vaudeville. Evenings 8:15.

Circle, Bway and 6oth. "Mother," with Emma Dunn. Ev'gs 8:30. A play of home life. Criterion. Bway and 44th. "The Commuters." All-Star Cast. Evenings 8:20. A play of suburban life.

of suburban life.

City, 14th opp. Irving Pl. "The Echo," with Bessie McCoy. Evenings 8:15. A dancing show with musical interruptions.

Collier's Comedy, 41st bet. Bway and 6th Av. "I'll Be Hanged If I Do." with William Collier. Evenings 8:30. A comedy contrasting Newport and Nevada.

Casino Bway and 30th. "He Came from Milwaukee," with Sam Bernard. Evenings 8:15. A musical comedy with chorus.

Colonial, Bway and 62d. All-Star Vaudeville. Evenings 8:15. Byay and 30th. "Baby Mine," with Marguerite Clark. Evenings 8:30. A comedy farce.

Empire, Bway and 40th. "Smith," with John Drew. Evenings 8:15. A satire on English life.

Gaiety, Bway and 46th. "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," with Gale Hamilton. Evenings 8:15. A new view of the confidence man. Garrick, 35th bet, 5th and 6th Avs. "The Speckled Band." Evenings 8:20. An incident in the life of Sherlock Holmes.

Globe, Bway and 46th. "The Bachelor Belles," with Adeline Genée. Evenings 8:15.
A musical entertainment.

Grand Opera House, 8th Av. and 23d. "Arsène Lupin," with William Courtney. Evenings 8:15. An incident in the life of a fascinating crook.

Hudson, Bway and 44th. "Nobody's Widow," with Blanche Bates. Evenings 8:30.
A new comedy by Avery Hopwood.
Hippodrome, 6th Av. 43d and 44th. "The International Cup." Evenings at 8. Spectacular and circus acts.

tacular and circus acts.

Herald Square, Bway and 35th. "The Girl and the Kaiser," with Lulu Glaser.

Evenings 8:15. An imported operetta.

Hackett, 42d St. W. of Bway. "The Cub," with Douglas Fairbanks. Evenings 8:30.

A play of newspaper life.

Hammerstein's, Bway and 42d. All-Star Vaudeville. Evenings 8:15.

Irving Place. Irving Place Theatre Stock Company. In repertoire. Evenings 8:15.

Knickerbocker, Bway and 39th. "The Scarlet Pimpernel," with Julia Neilson and Fred Terry. Evenings 8:15. A play of the French Revolution.

Keith & Proctor's Fifth Avenue. All-Star Vaudeville. Evenings 8:15.

Liberty, 42d St. W. of Bway. "The Country Boy." Evenings 8:15. A comedy of to-day.

Lyceum, Bway and 45th. "The Importance of Being Farnest," with A. E. Matthews.

Lyceum, Bway and 45th. "The Importance of Being Earnest," with A. E. Matthews. 3 venings 8:20. A serious comedy by Oscar Wilde.



IN VERY POOR TASTE.

FARMER CRACKER. - What you think of them turkeys, Uncle Jefferson? Ain't they a picture? UNCLE JEFFERSON. -- Yessuh, dey sho'ly am, but Ah doan' like de frame!

Among the White Lights.



VI .- SAM BERNARD IN "HE CAME FROM MILWAUKEE."

Lyric, 42d St. W. of Bway. "Mme. Troubadour," with Grace La Rue and Van Rensselaer Wheeler. Evenings 8:15. A French musical comedy without chorus. Majestic, 8th Av. at Park Circle. "The Blue Bird." Evenings 8:30. A fairy play about children for grown-ups.

about children for grown-ups.

Manhattan Opera House, 34th St. nr. 8th Av. All-Star Vaudeville. Evenings 8:15.

Maxine Elliott's, 39th St. nr. 8way. "The Gamblers," with George Nash. All-Star Cast. Evenings 8:30. A drama of Wall Street life.

New Amsterdam, 42d St. W. of Bway. "Madame Sherry," with Lina Abarbanell and Ralph Herz. Evenings 8:15. A musical show.

New York, Bway and 35th. "Naughty Marietta," with Emma Trentini. Evenings 8:10.

A comic opera in English.

New Theatre, Cent. Park West, 62d and 63d Sts. New Theatre Stock Company. In repertoire. Evenings 8:10.

Nazimova's, 39th St. nr. Bway. "Mr. Preedy and the Countess," with Weedon Grossmith. Evenings 8:20. An English comedy.

Plaza, Columbus Circle. All-Star Vaudeville. Evenings 8:15.

Republic, 42d St. W. of Bway. "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

Republic, 42d St. W. of Bway. "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Evenings 8:15. From the stories by Kate Douglas Wiggin,

Wallack's, Bway and 30th. "Getting a Polish," with May Irwin. Evenings 8: 15. New comedy by Booth Tarkington and H. Leon Wilson. Weber's, Bway and 29th. "Alma, Where Do You Live?" with Kitty Gordon. Evenings 8:15. A German comedy farce.

THANKSGIVINGS.

The burglar's thankful that he's out,
The politician that he's in; The new reporter for a beat, The seasoned gambler for a win; The tourist that at last he's off, The erstwhile victim that he's on: The climber when he has "arrived." The auctioneer when all is gone; Some folk when with fine raiment blessed, The turkey if he is n't dressed.

Eunice Ward.



A SERIOUS CONFLAGRATION.

THE morning after the firemen's picnic Hogan, the pipeman, was in a bad way.

"Howly shmoke!" he groaned, "me insides is burn-

"Howy sinhole."

"Do ye think, Mike, that ye could git th' fire under conthrol wid a bottle iv beer?" asked Mrs. Hogan.

"I dunno," said Hogan, "but anyway it would help to wet down th' ruins!"



THE ONLY REQUIREMENT.

HOSPITAL PHYSICIAN. - Which ward do you wish to be taken to? MALONEY -Iny of thim, Doc, that 's safely Dimocratic.

A THANKSGIVING MONOLOGUE.

, I want that drumstick there, An' some raisin stuffin' too. Uncle Jim, I like a pear
Fixed with pickles. Say, don't you? Aunt Marie, I wisht you'd rass Me th' jam-that ain't enough! Whut's that in that big green glass? Aw! I mean that frothy stuff. Kin I have some white meat, pa? Yessir! I'm a-goin' to be

Keerful. Sis, I want some slaw. Gee! You're always stintin' me! Whoop-whoop-ouch! I never meant To upset that gravy-boat; Guess that stuffin' must 'a' went Down my Sunday-meetin' throat! Pa, ain't there one more drumstick? Huh! Eat three if I'd jest try! Um-yum! Naw, I won't be sick! Gimme 'nother piece o' pie!

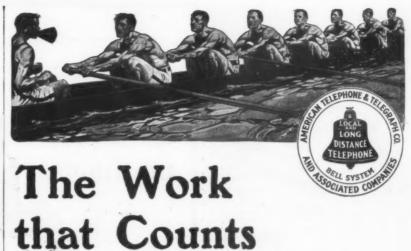
Chas. C. Jones.



SURE OF HIS OATS.

YOUNG CENTAUR. -I'd like to have your daughter for my running-mate, old hoss. OLD CENTAUR .- H'm! What are your prospects? YOUNG CENTAUR.-Why, yesterday morning, before the railbirds got busy, I reeled

off a mile in 1:26 flat-and I did n't extend myself either!



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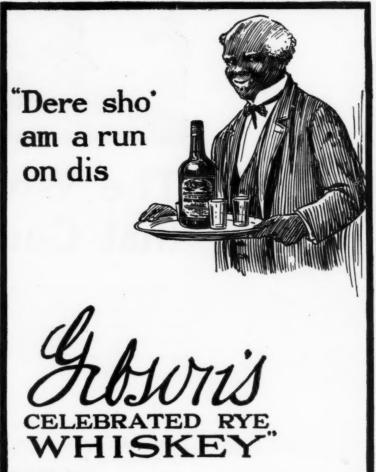
TODGERS .- Ah, Count, let me introduce you to Mr. Saton.

Count.—It ees a great pleasure for me to meet a musician like you, monsieur. I hear zat you and your family play ze music.

SATON.-Me? Why, I don't know

anything about music.

Count.—Non? Zey tell me all round zat you play second fiddle to your wife. —M. A. P.





"When Good Fellows Get Together"

> Simply strain through cracked ice and serve.

Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whiskey base) are the most popular. At all good dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN BRO. Hartford New York London

A STINGY angler was fishing on a Scottish loch on a drenching day. He had been consoling himself from his flask and forgetting his gillie. Presently he asked the gillie if there was a dry place in the boat on which

to strike a match. "You might try my throat," said the gillie, "it's dry enough."—London Daily News.



Hotel La Salle



George H. Gazley, Manager La Salle at Madison Street, Chicago

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Room with detached bath: \$2.00 to \$3.00 per day
Room with private bath: \$3.00 to \$5.00 per day

Two Persons:

Room with detached bath: \$3.00 to \$5.00 per day

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persons, - \$5.00 to \$8.00 per day
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Suites: \$10.00 to \$35.00 per day All rooms at \$5.00 or more are same price for one or two persons.

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"You wish to divorce your husband? You cannot agree? In what way does your incompatibility of temperament manifest itself?"

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.

"Oh, I wish to get divorced and he does n't!"-Le Rire.

Don't Wear a Truss

GOUT & RHEUMATISM GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY **BLAIR'S PILLS** SAFE, SURE, EFFECTIVE. 50c& \$1 DRUGGISTS. OR 93 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

"MISS JONES is n't looking at all like herself this evening."

"Oh, no - she never does."-Cleveland Leader.

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One Dollar the set of four. If not found at your haber-dasher's or jeweler's, a set will be sent postpaid on receipt of price.

Pure, Healthful, Refreshing ollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS"

When a man goes out to buy a collar he comes back with a collar and perhaps a necktie or two. When a woman starts out to buy a collar she returns exhausted with a new silk blouse, a pair of gloves, some skirt binding, a cake of soap, a paper of pins, some window curtains, a sewing-machine, and a refrigerator.—*Tit-Bits*.

OUTSIDE of Kansas City and St. Louis, Missouri lost population in the last decade. She evidently needs more Folk.—Chicago Evening Post.

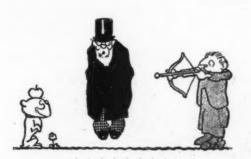
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"Naughty boy, how can you torture this



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MODERN MARY. Mary had a little skirt Tied tightly in a bow, And everywhere that Mary went She simply could n't go. -Harper's Bazar.



WITHOUT wishing to insinuate anything, it may be said that a good many bashful men get married.—

Atchison Globe.

NO METAL can touch you



YEAR ROUND COMFORT

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n.Stein&Co. Makers ongress St^{and} CenterAve Chicago.



"Wait a minute, my son. Here is a nickle. Hit him again in the same place for me! "- Witzige Blätter.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER, "Its Purity Has Made It Famous." 50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

"Answer me, Clara," he said, in a moment of passion. "I can bear this suspense no longer!"

"Answer him, Clara!" echoed the old man in the hall, thinking of the coal and gas bills. "I can't bear this expense much longer." - Tit-Bits.



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Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are appetizing and healthful. Sample by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

L.EPPSTEIN & SON-FT.WORTH.TEX





BEANS.

GRANDFATHER sat one Saturday night in the old armchair by the fireside bright, And, lighting his pipe with a glowing coal, Said to us boys as he grasped its bowl: "The very best work in the world, I'm told, Is done by men o' the strenuous mold, An' all these heroes, without mistake, On Saturday night o' beans partake; For beans is fillin' an' beans is cheap, An' whether ye laugh or whether ye weep, With pockets empty or plenty o' means, There's comfort in beans, comfort in beans!

"Tis a fare that's nourishin', plain but rich,
Beats all yer alamodes an' sich,
Yer mixed up dishes with furren names
What tickles yer palates an' weakens yer frames
I tell ye what, the 's nuthin' I know
To make men work an' make boys grow,
An' cheer folks up on a dreary day
Like beans well baked in the old-fashioned way.
For beans is fillin' an' beans is cheap,
An' for all who work an' health would keep,
For folks in their fifties an' folks in their 'teens
The 's nuthin' like beans, nuthin' like beans!

"Like most o' the people who live on the earth Ye 'll see somethin' o' sorrer, somethin' o' mirth; Ye 'll meet with loss, ye 'll meet with gain, Ye 'll be warm in the sun an' wet in the rain; An' many a time ye 'll think y're beat When all ye want 'll be somethin' to eat. Yer hope 'll be gone an' yer funds 'll be low, But a plate o' beans 'll fix ye, I know; For beans is fillin' an' beans is cheap, An' on the land or sailin' the deep, Whether y're home or in new scenes, Cheer up on beans, cheer up on beans!"

Now grandfather sleeps by the church on the hill, The homestead old is deserted and still; The yard is half hidden with bushes and trees, And the big red gate swings loose in the breeze; Yet scarce ever comes a Saturday night But my fancy recalls that fireside bright And grandfather rests in his wonted seat And says to the boys who sit at his feet: "Beans is fillin' an' beans is cheap, An' whether ye laugh or whether ye weep, With pockets empty or plenty o' means, The 's comfort in beans, comfort in beans!"

J. Selden Strong.

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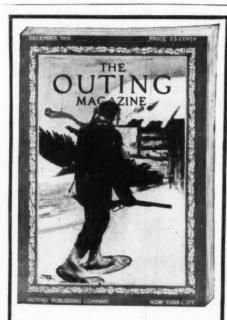
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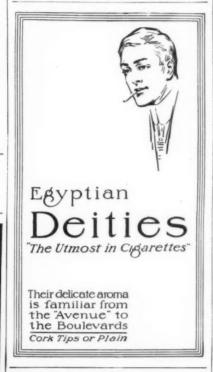
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Eight or nine women, assembled at luncheon, were discussing ailments and operations as eight or nine, or one or two, or sixty or seventy women will. The talk ran through angina pectoris, torpid liver, tuberculosis, and other

kindred happy topics.
"I thought," commented the guest of honor, "that I had been invited to a luncheon, and not to an organ recital."- Everybody's.



HOME COMFORT

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A full house can't beat it.

C. H. EVANS & SOAS, Estab. 1786. Hudson, N. Y.



It makes your favorite mixed or fancy drink a new creation.



Distilled and bottled in I A. OVERHOLT & CO., PITTSBURGH, PA



FRESHMAN. - Where are the bathrooms to be in the new dormitory?

SOPHOMORE. - It 's a Freshman house; there won't be any bathrooms; they're going to put in vacuum cleaners.—Lippincott's.





PLANS FOR THE FUTURE.

- "When I grow up, I will marry a wife who will know how to do everything."
- "And what will you do?"
- "1? Absolutely nothing. It is she who will attend to everything." Le Rira

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